

The Horn

The Darkness

Oh yeah, I know what's happening
I'll walk you there

The way you stare at every square
Itch off my skin as you brush your hair
Take off your dress
Undo my tux
Stick your long, sharp nails into my pale beautox

I've got the horn
(He's got the horn)
Everything you do just turns me on
(Just turns you on)
I've got the horn
(He's got the horn)
Everything you do just turns me on

I sense your walk behind the row
Punch me in the face as you lose control
I hid away obviously
Dig your two front teeth into my bottom lip

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(He's got the horn)
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